Korra and Asami's Swim in Manarola's Natural Harbor

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Korra and Asami's Swim in Manarola's Natural Harbor

by lefemmerouge2

Summary

Korra and Asami take a break from their duties in Republic City and have a nice time in the natural harbor of Manarola. They arrive in Manarola after to hitching a inter-dimensional ride on some robots with a funky flow. They enjoy each other's company more than expected and receive unexpected relaxation, something both of them sorely need.

Notes

The only two fics featuring Manarola on AO3 are for the Spider-Man (Tom Holland Movies) and The Old Guard (Movie 2020) fandoms. I decided to do one with Korra and Asami because I finished the series early this year and this is my first Korrasami fic! This story is loosely based on my recent experience in Manarola, Italy, one of the towns in the Cinque Terre. It is set in the present-day and post-canon. This isn't the best fic I've ever written, but I had fun writing it.

Comments are welcome and appreciated.

Update on 12/12/24: This fic was crossposted on Squidge World and the revisions there have been implemented here (mostly fixing weird formatting). Thanks for the comments!

See the end of the work for more notes

Korra giggled as the water splashed on her brownish face. "Asami," she said, between spitting out the water and speaking, "stop it, the water's too salty!" Her dark-haired friend laughed back. She liked to mess with Korra as much as she could, especially in a beautiful spot like this on the Italian Riviera. It was one of the busiest places in all of Italy. Tourists loved this swimming hole more than any other. In fact, more sat on the rocks around the spot, than in the water itself. As they tread water, while holding each other's hands, Korra decided to float. "Ah, this is so relaxing. I wish there was something like this back in Republic City." Asami couldn't agree more. Sure, thanks to modern plumbing, you could take hot baths or steamy showers in the city. But, it wasn't the same as this place. "Yeah, this is nice. I wish we had come earlier."

Asami began to float with Korra. They were enjoying each other's company. Suddenly, they heard a big splash. Looking up, they saw men in swimsuits climbing up a huge, craggy rock, and jumping off. Girls in tank tops were walking behind the men. Korra spotted one guy jumping off and remarked, "Men, am I right?"

Asami craned her neck over and saw what Korra meant. It seemed like a dumb male challenge of endurance, as inane as those who participate in hot dog eating contests or do the polar plunge. These men were risk takers. Something about them ticked off Korra and Asami. Some time ago, they had dated *the same guy*. The relationship they had paled any relationship that they had with any men.

Korra's view on this risk taking changed when a woman jumped off the cliff. She seemed to be having so much fun. After she jumped, Korra saw the woman's friend, who was waiting at the bottom, catch her. The woman fell into her friend's arms. It seemed very romantic to Korra.

Sometimes Italians were not as open about their sexual or romantic attraction, especially if they were drawn to someone of the same sex. So-called traditional mores seemed to encourage the "typical" male-female romance, while discouraging anything else. Korra ignored all that, with woman jumping off the rock giving her the push she needed. She whispered to Asami: "let's do it." Asami was a bit afraid, but, Korra gave her the confidence to climb the rock. She was willing to take the risk because she knew that Korra would catch her.

As she made her way to the rock ledge, Korra yelled "I'm ready when you are!" and extended out her arms. Taking a deep breath, Asami leapt out into space. She was falling faster than she had anticipated. Korra swam as fast she could and caught Asami in the nick of time. The slipperiness of Korra's hands and the rate Asami was traveling through the air caused a big splash, causing them to be pushed apart. Soon thereafter, Korra swam over to Asami. As soon as she reached her, she asked, "are you okay?"

Her dark-haired girlfriend smiled. "I'm more than okay…I'm great! That was SO much fun!" She added, "you should try it!" Korra wasn't sure. She thought that she would end up not impressing Asami. She quickly pushed that thought out of her mind. She quickly climbed up the rock and onto the ledge. She jumped gracefully from the rock and fell toward the water.

Asami tried to do the same thing as Korra had done for her earlier, but she was not as successful. Hitting the water, Korra made a huge splash.

Asami felt bad. She came over to apologize to Korra, but Korra snuck up behind her, hugging her from the back. "Hey, thanks for not catching me," Korra teased. Asami began to say something, but Korra waved it off. "It's fine. Making huge splashes in the water is just my style." Asami chuckled and snickered. "That's *my* Korra," she said softly.

They both had a good laugh, climbed up the metal ladder, and made their way back into the vibrant, beautiful town of Manarola. As they walked through the town's streets, they saw people selling gelato, women's clothing, and other wares. There was even a machine which distributed curious lubricated latex devices encased in plastic wrappers. Neither had seen anything like it, but Korra grabbed one sitting on top of the machine in a box labeled "Campione" and stashed it in her pocket without her girlfriend seeing.

Later, Asami, as they continued to walk through the streets of Manarola, turned to Korra. She then said, softly, almost like she was telling a secret, "I'm so glad we hitched a ride on those funky light green robots. Otherwise, we wouldn't be here." Korra nodded. She added, "we have to thank whoever did that for our trip, I guess."

As they stepped into an alley, one of the robots, which had a funky flow, was about to leave. They hitched a ride and disappeared. The bright beam of light went up into the air and dissipated so quickly that no one else would have noticed.

The teal crystalline pad, hidden in the pavement, was barely noticeable by the naked eye. It was their only way home, back to Republic City. The reason it was there, they didn't know. The person who installed the platform of sorts had never intended it to be used for joy riding. The real reason was more sinister, depending on how you looked at it.

End Notes

I wish I could have spent more time there, but I wrote this while I was there a few months ago, along with the stories "A Firenze Gelateria and Carmen's Delight", "The Manarola Hike of a Lifetime", and "Ivy's Boboli Revenge and the Pitiful Palace" (working on), which I will be publishing, slowly, on this account. I had a lot of fun writing this story, even though I was sick while in Italy. I ended up typing it up many months later, and reading this story makes me feel like I'm there all over again! The pages on "Robonoids" and "Warp Pad" on the Steven Universe fandom site were helpful.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!